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★ Hong Kong

★ Summer Comes to Uruguay

★ Glittering New York City

★ Christmas Greenery

★ Heidelberg University

For New Yorkers and visitors, the spirit of Christmas crystallizes in Rockefeller Plaza, where Radio City's luminous tree overlooks the skating pool. Beyond, a promenade of wire-sculptured angels leads to Saks Fifth Avenue.

UNITED PRESS

As seen on page 138, the entire city of New York sparkles like a Christmas tree.

★ Because of the holidays there will be no Bulletins for two weeks. Next issue will be dated January 7, 1957.

air conditioner, and plastics industries hummed, employing people, spreading money.

Trade has slackened with Red China; but Hong Kong merchants have reached new markets in Indonesia and Malaya. World-wide commerce is reflected in miles of enormous docks and warehouses. Steel freighters stand on the ways in modern yards. Chinese shipwrights build junks for fishermen or for lightering Hong Kong cargoes. The colony's sturdy financial foundation underlies the big templelike Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Building. It long dominated the sky line—until Red China built a skyscraper 20 feet higher to "save face."

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAP

Bargain hunting flourishes in Hong Kong. Almost no import duties are levied, so prices are low. Tourist shoppers often take home fine Swiss watches, French frocks and perfumes, German cameras, Italian glass, Ceylon gems, and British tweeds. Chinese girls with bobbed hair or Western coiffures and split skirts go window shopping, their minds deeper on fashions than on Hong Kong's tense geographical position. Tailors keep up with styles. One shop specializes in the "Ivy League look," halfway around the world from Cambridge, New Haven, or Princeton.

The noises of many Western cities mingle on Victoria's streets. Trolleys clang. Bootblacks yell "shine 'em up?" Double-decker buses blast exhaust.

But the East creeps past with ambling rickshas. Slippers pad through crowded markets, left. Hard by Hong Kong's respected medical school Chinese sell remedies made of dry sea horses, lizards, and centipedes. And on peaceful Lantao, largest of the colony's islands, people fish and farm as they have for generations. No wheeled vehicles roll by—there are no roads. Instead, cobbled paths lead past paddies while distant temple bells break the silence of ages. This, too, is Hong Kong.—S.H.

See "Hong Kong Hangs On," *National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1954, (75¢).

Hong Kong

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER J. BAYLOR ROBERTS

SUNSET paints the South China coast as your liner reduces speed. Stark hills lie landward. You pass cluttered Chinese junks with ribbed sails nosing between tangled islands. Your ship clears a point and enters a mile-wide harbor where breezes rouse the flags of resting world-traveled vessels. Magically, tall buildings rise before a backdrop of steep hills. Northward lies the town of Kowloon on its rugged mainland peninsula. Opposite, the city of Victoria mounts the lower slopes of hilly Hong Kong Island. The harbor, actually a strait, is the heart of the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, British toe hold on the coast of communist China.

The cosmopolitan colony of 2,400,000 Orientals and Westerners carries on its business of trade much as it has since Britain first established a base for merchants in 1841. Its big problem—overcrowding—impresses visitors. Hong Kong Island is little bigger than Manhattan. Reclamation has added new land for homes and buildings. But nearly nine tenths of the colony's population jam upon 6½ square miles of Victoria, the capital, and Kowloon. Over 100,000 persons spend entire lives on junks and sampans. Sometimes a dozen families exist in flats designed for two; some families sublet space under beds.

A human avalanche rolled upon space-cramped Hong Kong as it removed the scars of World War II. Refugees by the thousands trooped in to escape communism in China. Population zoomed. The city's face changed as whole communities sprang up under oil drum and packing case shelters. Riding the restless migratory crest, wealthy Chinese appeared, pouring millions into banks and new industries. Tall buildings rose in downtown Victoria. Handsome business houses and apartments brightened the view. Textile mills, flashlight, enamelware,

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of close to a million, and you have this smallest South American nation with its seam-bursting capital. On rolling fields graze some 23,000,000 sheep and 7,000,000 cattle, a total livestock population that outnumbers the human citizenry 10 to one.

Though huge landholdings of earlier days have been broken up, there are still 100,000-acre spreads. Gauchos (below), tough as whipcord, still ride herd, wear *bombachas* (baggy pants), play guitars, even carry *boleadoras*. These linked thongs, weighted on the ends, were cast at ostrichlike rheas.

Many gauchos boast Indian blood. But in the Río de la Plata country the Uruguayan is usually of Spanish descent, often of Italian. Uruguay has accepted so many Italian immigrants that some local accents have an Italian lilt.

The name Montevideo is supposed to have originated in the cry of one of Magellan's sailors: "Monte vid' eu" ("I see a hill"). Presumably, the hill is El Cerro, a 450-foot mound rising above the level flatland of the city. Some of Montevideo's modern buildings compete with El Cerro along the sky line.

Uruguay's wealth comes from exports of wool, meat, and hides. A few light industries bolster agriculture—freezing plants, food processing and packing firms. Uruguay has practically no mineral resources and no forests. In the country, cattle skulls sometimes serve as furniture. But this vast farm has paid handsome profits, developed a high standard of living. From kindergarten to college degree a Uruguayan student need pay nothing. Even books are free.

Like Switzerland, Uruguay has a government by executive council, a nine-man "board of directors" who serve a four-year term. The government runs railroads, airlines, many industries, provides liberal pensions. Though critics call these services expensive, they fit Uruguay's easy, friendly way of life. Dial information on your telephone and you'll get anything from the weather report to news of a ship arrival. An operator will wake you in the morning or take messages for you while you're on vacation.—E.P.

GAUCHOS AND GUITARS make a lively after-work combination at a grasslands outing

AMERICAS MAGAZINE, ELISABETH IRELL

PAN AMERICAN

Montevideo brush salesman carries wares on a burro. Rhea feathers often make dusters

Summer Comes To Uruguay

WINTER has sunk its teeth into the Northern Hemisphere. Snow rides on bitter winds. Ice groans in the old swimming hole. Summer is six months off.

Putting it another way, summer is exactly 5,341 miles from New York City. That's the airline distance to Montevideo, capital of Uruguay. There, sparkling beaches are crowded, the Archbishop has blessed the waters, and summer is in full swing.

The season means more to Uruguayans than lazy afternoons beside beach cabanas. Geography discriminated harshly between the banks of the 137-mile-wide Río de la Plata, that deep notch in South America's South Atlantic coast which separates Uruguay from Argentina. Along Argentina's shore of the Plata there is not one beach; along Uruguay's a veritable Riviera stretches 200 miles from Montevideo to the open ocean and up the coast to Brazil's border. Result: tourists, mostly from Buenos Aires, flock across the Plata to bask, swim, and spend money. Tourism ranks as Uruguay's second industry behind agriculture.

A British historian called Uruguay a "garden plot between two vast estates"—Argentina and Brazil. Gardenlike is Uruguay's natural beauty, but its green acres are more like a pasture than a flower bed. Take a sheep and cattle ranch, expand it to the size of North Dakota, turn its homestead into a gleaming city

Glittering New York ☆ ☆ ☆

Holiday Wonderland

EVERY night the Empire State Building looks down on fairyland. A sea of lights etches New York's streets and bridges, sets skyscrapers ablaze. But December adds special magic. Christmas glitters at Rockefeller Plaza (right and cover) and glows from every concrete canyon as Manhattan opens its heart.

Across the wonderland of flashing, weaving lights, huge New York always takes Christmas big. An $800 tree once warmed the frigid Stock Exchange. Mindful of people far from home, a hotel puts ornamented trees in guest rooms. Fashionable Park Avenue gleams with blocks-long white-and-yellow-lighted evergreens, dominated in the distance by a 12-story cross etched in high window lights. From City Hall the mayor speaks greetings; a button is pressed and lights of rainbow colorings shape a 60-foot tree in the Park.

From the Battery to the Bronx everybody knows it's Christmas. Carols break the tedium of train-waiting time in Grand Central Station. Toys for poor children pile up in tumbles of dolls and mechanical sets at donation stations. From store doorways bewhiskered Santas give bass chuckles to passers-by. Roaming carolers sing, draw crowds, and fade into crowds to sing again. Well-wishers with presents and cheerful words roam hospital wards. Nativity scenes—one with live, motionless characters posing in shifts—halt reverent thousands beside churches. The American Museum-Hayden Planetarium duplicates for visitors the sky's glory on Bethlehem's blessed night.

New York celebrates Christmas extravagantly—the milk and cookie set learns. Noses pressed on windows, they see animated mice trimming Christmas trees . . . A lady in a candy-cane skirt feeding plum pudding to a cherub . . . Mechanical flowers, with a rose opening to show the Christ Child asleep . . . A mechanical angel bearing a real 128-karat diamond to the skies . . . And a whole store front dressed like a Christmas package, bound with bright ribbons. Twenty-four live animals, from camels to kangaroos, will raise young yuletide wonderment at one store this year.—S.H.

UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

SILVERED SMILAX will go to market when dry, along with natural green clusters. A form of this widely growing plant is used to make sarsaparilla to flavor soft drinks

In North Carolina's mountains, country folk gather waxy, heart-shaped galax leaves, another favorite evergreen ornament. In the same state's coastal regions yaupon, with slender leaf and red berry, brings Christmas cheer into cottages.

Mistletoe is burdened with tradition. For centuries it was thought that Christ was crucified on a cross made of mistletoe wood, so the plant was doomed to disgrace. At one time, English folk who hung mistletoe were flung into prison. It acquired a better reputation in Norway where it figures in Norse mythology. One explanation for the pleasant custom of kissing under the mistletoe is the plant's association with the Norse goddess of love.

From all corners of the land, Christmas greenery heads for the market. In the northwest it may consist of a small tree riding a sled pulled by a farm boy. In Evergreen, plants are crated for shipment to dealers (right).

However greenery arrives, there are traditional rules for handling it. Mistletoe should never touch the ground. And please don't cut it with iron—gold is the proper metal. As for holly, if you don't remove it before Candlemas (Feb. 2) evil goblins appear.—

Christmas Greenery

Photographs by
National Geographic Photographer
Bates Littlehales

NO matter what the weather, most Americans want a green Christmas—indoors, that is. Trees, boughs, cones, sprigs, wreaths, and needles are as much a part of yuletide as church bells and Santa Claus. And as December 25 approaches a number of enterprises shift into high gear in order to supply living-rooms and doorways with decorations.

In southern Alabama, for example, in a little town appropriately named Evergreen, Mr. and Mrs. Knud Nielson, right, check some of the products they have gathered and processed and are about to ship to markets throughout the nation. Most of the Nielsons' raw materials grow right at hand, for Evergreen lies in forest country where southern pines loom straight and tall. Big pine cones are collected, preserved, fireproofed, and often etched with silver paint, to garnish many a festive hearth. Around Evergreen, too, grows the ivylike vine, smilax, a favorite with decorators, but a nuisance to timber owners since it twines into upper branches and smothers leaf growth.

Farmers pull smilax down, load it on trucks or mule-drawn wagons, and take it to the Nielson plant. There the vine is dipped into preservatives and sometimes into troughs of silver paint (below). Dried and packed, it is ready for shipment to dealers. Mules, waiting outside the plant, kill time by munching all the smilax they can reach. They apparently like it for reasons other than decor.

Holly, too, grows around Evergreen—as it does in most parts of the world. One of the most traditional Christmas decorations, holly was brought into early European homes in the belief that its branches covered tiny fairies caught in winter storms. Gypsy folk tales told how Jesus was born in a field and sheltered by holly, pine, and ivy. That's why their leaves remain green throughout winter.

The Nielsons are not dependent on local forest products. They import plants which they process and ship to market. A wreath from Italy may arrive dried out and seemingly mashed beyond saving. But boiling restores its shape, and preserving and painting makes it a treat for anyone's window.

Christmas means big business in northern forests where Douglas fir, balsam, black spruce, and eastern redcedar topple by the thousands to make Christmas trees.

Katy. Art students browse among collections in small galleries along the *hauptstrasse* (main street). Crammed bookstores peer out from old facades.

Under the baroque roof of the old university, young men once challenged each other to duels. Scars on faces were high marks of prestige, like football letters, while dueling swords adorned many an otherwise bare student room.

Those who got out of hand ended up in the "karzer," or students' prison, often confined for several days in small cells furnished with a truckle bed and a chair. It wasn't such a bad life at that. They could provide themselves as generously as they liked with food and books, receive friends at leisure, plan more escapades.

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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

The "prisoners" conscientiously covered white walls with whatever drawing, design, remark, or inscription struck their fancy at the time. When the roguish gallery of art covered every square inch of wall, someone patiently whitewashed the walls again, clearing them for the next unruly occupant. Classes weren't skipped, even by prisoners. A jailer arrived daily to lead them along the corridor of cells, down the wooden staircase, and off to lectures.

Heidelberg started as a fishing village. It has supported a tobacco industry, cement works, the manufacture of instru-

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC DELIMITS NEAR, MIDDLE, AND FAR EAST

The National Geographic Society, dealing in terms of logical geographical divisions, divides the three Easts as follows:

NEAR EAST: ***Turkey, Cyprus, Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan, Egypt, Iraq, Iran, and the Arabian Peninsula.***

MIDDLE EAST: ***India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim, and Ceylon.***

FAR EAST: ***China, Mongolian Republic, Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Indochina, Thailand (Siam), Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia.***

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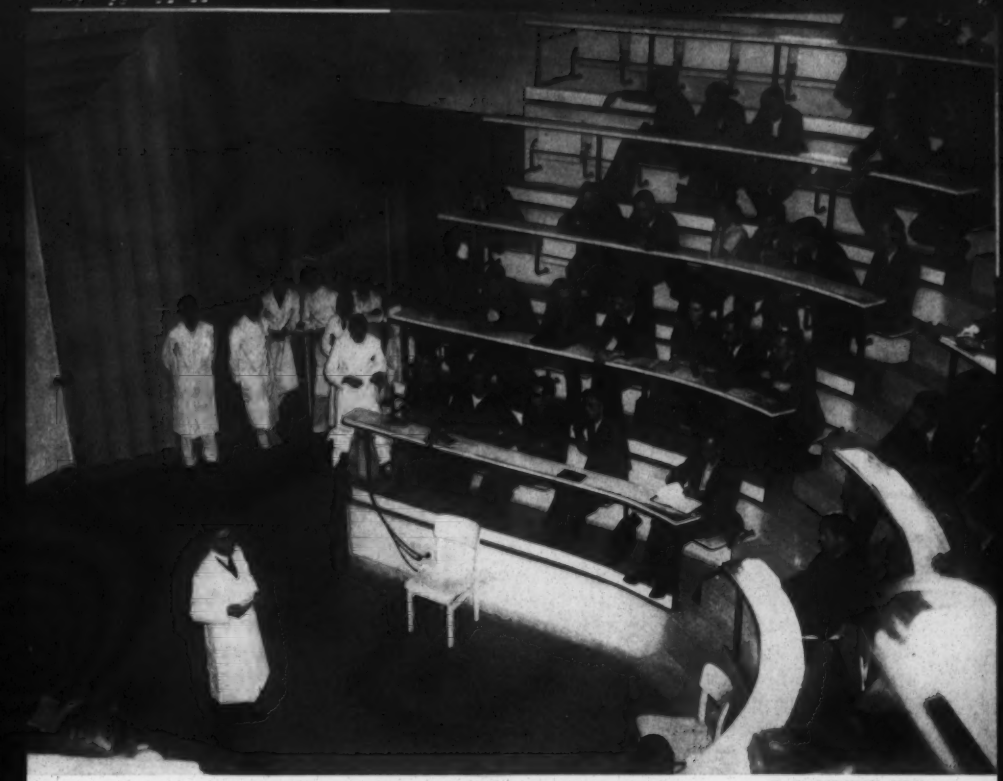


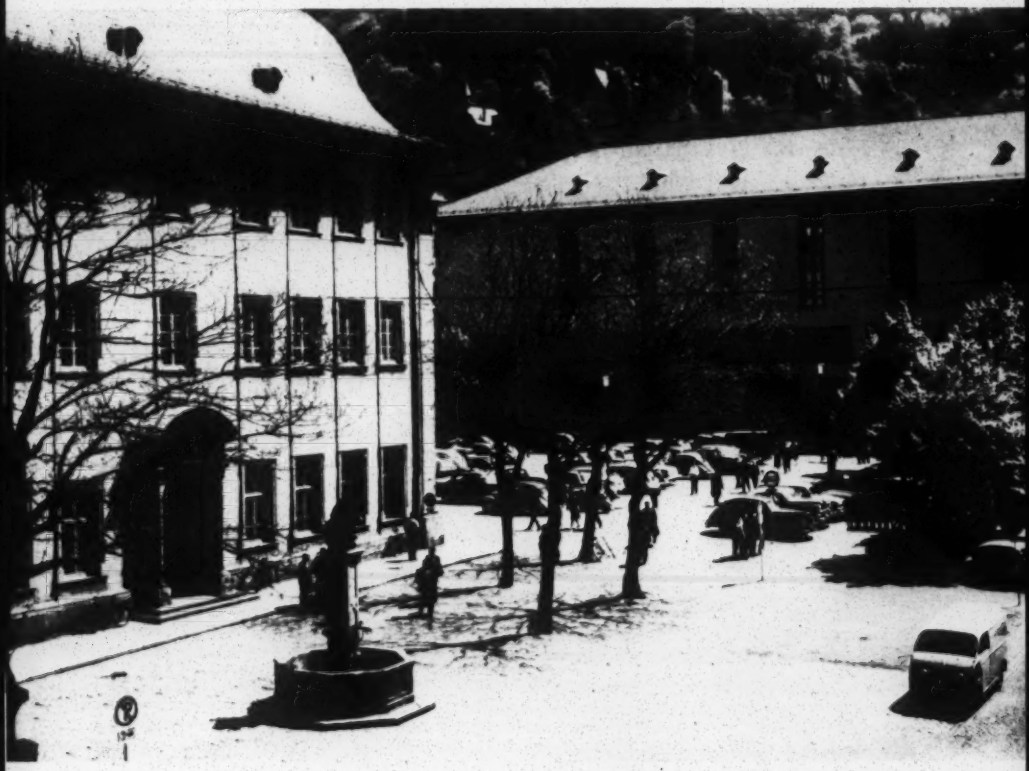
U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Heidelberg GERMANY'S OLDEST UNIVERSITY

OUTSIDE the lecture hall of Germany's oldest university, large snowflakes drift down on the pointed roof tops and cobbled streets of Heidelberg. Students shift restlessly on rows of hard wooden benches, awaiting the end of the last class before the holidays. An Austrian girl blows on her hands to warm them. An American student wonders about skiing conditions in the Bavarian Alps.

Around the university, the town of Heidelberg nestles between a forested mountainside and the soft-flowing Neckar River. High on the banks a splendid old castle commands a view of the valley, its vineyards, and the river headed for a rendezvous with the mighty Rhine. The little town, one of the oldest in Germany, has been a student community since the university was founded in 1386. Once it was a medical center for the world. In the latter 19th century Heidelberg's chemists Bunsen and Kirchhoff pioneered spectrum analysis, which led to discovery of new elements.

Today, new buildings face old across worn stones of University Square. But some 5,500 students still observe a host of honored traditions to keep Heidelberg life spirited and merry. As always, some students are poor, a few wealthy, and all boisterous. They fill cozy cafés to join friends around sturdy wooden tables, carved by centuries of pocketknives. Old signs and inscriptions cover walls. Initials on tables could belong to famous scholars—historians, perhaps, such as Schlosser and Hausser. Some youths crowd into the celebrated inn where the "Student Prince," according to the story, fell in love with the pretty waitress,



ments and fountain pens, and several publishing firms. The area's thermal waters have been used as cures. These facets of the town seem lesser parts of its character. In the eyes of the world, Heidelberg's importance is in an ancient castle, a famous university, and the charm of the town itself. Mark Twain, who visited Heidelberg while writing *A Tramp Abroad*, said, "I have never enjoyed a view which had such a serene and satisfying charm . . ."

Thousands of American soldiers remember the old town. Many now based there take courses through the University of Maryland's globe-circling educational program for servicemen.

Even the ancient halls of Heidelberg University itself echo to American accents. More than 500 students from the United States share its timeless educational wealth.—J.A.

OLD UNIVERSITY, left, faces the new below Heidelberg's tree-mantled hills. Below: Despite its age, the university keeps up to date. These men study molecular structures.

PHOTOGRAPHS: GERMAN EMBASSY